BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

111. THE FARMER.

Having briefly sketched the country squire and parson, I now offer a like outline portrait of him who may be regarded as the typical figure of English rural life, the Farmer. Not as on your side, the English farmer is rately a freeholder, that is, owning the land he cultivates. If such, he would be called a "yeoman farmer"; but these are few, indeed, in many neighborhoods non-existent. Even the designation " yeoman," once in common use, is new seldem heard, and then more as a shadowy recalling of the past than any present reality. When bestowed, as it occasionally is, it does not sensibly elevate the bearer above that general, 1 may say universal, class known as "tenant tarmers," who hold their farms by tenancy and pay rent for them. Any social distinction between the two kinds will depend on wealth and other accidents of life, rather than a difference in the mode of

tenure of their lands.

I may here mention another class of agriculturists, distinguished as "gentlemen farmers," Most Americans, and many Englishmen too, will very naturally imagine that a "gentleman farmer" is one rich enough to lead the life of a gentleman Yet such interpretation of the title would be altogether erroneous. Riches have naught to do with it, neither has the cultivation of an extensive acreage. I know some men farming between 1,000 and 2,000 acres, wealthy men, too, who are not gentlemen farmers. They may like the name, court it, and occasionally have it given them in a complimentary way, as it is at times loosely bestowed. Still it is not theirs, in the sense usually understood throughout England, where the "gentleman farmer" is simply a gentleman by birth, who has made choice of and follows farming for an occupation. He may not even own the land he tills-often does not, but reats it like others, -- nor is the amount of acres any factor as regards his getting the distinctive appellation.

Leaving these exceptional and somewhat visionary titles at one side, I return to the real subject of this letter-the "tenant farmer." He holds under a landowner, his landlord, who may be anybody or anything: Squire, rich clergyman, nobleman, wealthy merchant who has purchased an estate, or, as in many cases, a corporation either temporal of ecclesiastical. The great landed proprietors, however, are mostly grandees of the titled class, a very limited number of whom own three-fourths of all the land in England, and I may add also Scotland and Ireland. The farmer has sometimes a lease of his holding; but generally, and more of late, his tenancy is from year to year, with, on either side, a six months' notice to terminate it. The amount of rent, payable in half-yearly instalments, depends on the quality of the land, with its convenience to a market town and other like circumstances. Some farms are rented at £3 the English statute nere; a few even higher; while others, in a different district of the country, will be only £1. The average for fairly productive land may be put at £2 the acre. These were the prices some time ago; but now all is changed, and through the present agricultural depression, hundreds, thousands of farms are unoccupied, their owners seeking tenants for them on almost any terms-certainly with rentals much reduced.

†English farms are generally of large acreage; if I mistake not, larger than Americans suppose them to be. Holdings of 1,000 acres are not uncommon and there are some of 2,000 or even more. This depends a good deal on the county; farms in the strictly agricultural shires being the largest, and on some of these the live and dead stock will be valued at £10,000 or £15,000. On the other hand, there are farms of fifty acres, or even twentyfive, though they are not numerous enough For small farm holdings and " peasant proprietorship" have ever been unpopular in England, the powers that be not liking them. Yet are they just the thing England wants, though her people. strange to say, are little aware of it. The landowners do all they can to discourage the practice, prefer ring to let their land in large tracts and get their rents in a lump sum, with certain other conven lences accruing. Up to the present time they have had their own way about this, the farmers playing into their hands. For if one of these came to grief and had to turn out, there was no fear of his farm lying unoccupied. The farmer bordering upon it was only too ready to take it in, as an addendum to that he already held, at the same or even an in creased rental. In the way of land, the English farmer is as Oliver, " ever asking for more." Never knew I one who, in his own estimation, had enough, the quantity he is capable of cultivating as it should be cultivated. I could point to many who year after year, have large fields lying fallow and unproductive, simply because they lack the strength in hands and horses to crop them at the required time. England's weather is proverbially fickle, and he who has not the means to take advantage of its favoring spells may lose largely by the want of them. Money will nearly always accomplise this—the ready cash to pay laborers' wages and call them up as by drum-beat. But if the money be not there, and a week of fine weather be missed, or sometimes only a single day, there may be no other chance for seed to be got into the ground as it should be, or crop taken off it. From just such cause I have seen £100 worth of has lying rotten on the meadows of a single farm, and in a season by no means exceptionally unfavorable for hay-making. In point of fact the holders of small farms, not thus handicapped, are they who succeed best, though it be only in a small way. And better is it for them in the end than for those with large ones without the capital to work them. This truth, almost self-evident, is at length begin ning to dawn on the perception of the Fuglish farmer-not a very acute one. But his present difficulties and necessities have summoned up the strength of his intellect, and should be succeed in mastering the problem-and find out the mistake under which he has been long laboring-then a new state of things will arise; and large farms will be subdivided into small ones, with a separate homestead erected on each. When this comes to pass-if ever do-your Emigration Commissioners of Castle Garden will have less work on their hands, at least as regards looking after emigrants from England. Taking English farms as they are now, one of 500 acres would not be considered an extraordinarily large one, though above the average, The orthodox average size will be nearer half this or say 200 acres; and to such, be it understood, are the remarks that follow chiefly confined. Approaching the homestead of an English farmer,

the traveller, if a stranger to the country, will be surprised to see it placed in seemingly the very worst spot on the farm, the most inconvenient for its purposes. Nor is this a seeming, but a reality: the site in a majority of cases being against a steep declivity, where there is barely enough level ground to turn a wagon about upon. Why this is I cannot tell, nor can anyone else whom I have consulted on the subject. It is one of those obscure and perverse things whose very perversity courts inquiry while defying explanation. English roads often run straight up the steepest face of a hill, when a slight turn to right or left would conveniently avoid it. But for this there is an assignable reason; they are on the routes of the ancient "trackways," before wheels came into use, traversed only by the pack horse, and that under saddle. But the farmhouse hung as it were on the hillside, where it has been hanging for a period beyond memory, is a puzgle even to the archeologist. In itself it is a structure sui generis, unlike anything else in the way of dwelling place. The eye encounters a grand array of walls, six to ten feet high, with several red-tiled roofs, sometimes slated, rising above them; one of these being the barn, often big as a town-hall or church. Others of less dimensions are the stable, cow-house and cartsheds, all set around and partially inclosing the farmyard or "folder." This is a large, unpaved space, listered all over with straw, in which cattle and cart-horses stand knee-In winter and wet weather it becomes \*muck," when the farm laborers, who must needs pass through, walk in it up to their ankles. Outside is the rick-yard, or "rick-folder," where the eye is feasted on a like prodigality of straw, put to a still less profitable ase, or rather to no use at all—

By the said squeezing and griping, to abbreviate a

stacks of it left unthatched, and rotting under the winter's rain! Yet taken to market when in good condition, or offered for sale where it stands, it would command a price of £2 10s. per ton, almost as much as hay. But there is a clause in the farmer's agreement of tenancy which hinders his selling the straw "off the land," It must be consumed on it; and the cottager living close by, who wants a "botting" to bed his pig, or bait his donkey with, cannot get it there, but must often go miles for the commodity, to some other farmer who chances to be a freeholder. This withholding the right to dispose of his straw as he pleases-the reason, to prevent impoverishment of the land-is one of the English farmer's grievances; no slight one either, and may often be the "straw which | breaks the camel's back," forcing him into bank-

In the midst of the farm buildings, or a little to one side of them, is the dwelling itself, inconspicuous, and generally of mean appearance. Enter it, and if a stranger you will be ushered into the parlor, small and fairly well furnished, though with somewhat cold, uncomfortable aspect, fires being only kept up in it when there is a guest. But the real abode and common s'tting-room of the family is the kitchen, a more ample apartment, with tiled or flagged floor, covered by a spread of cocoa-fibre matting. A high-backed "settle," slightly curved in shape, occupies one side of the fireplace, and possibly a stout, heavy arm-chair the other. The common culinary utensils will not be seen here, but in a scullery or smaller kitchen at back, where most of the cooking is also done. Meals are served in the cocon-carpeted sitting-room, on a table neither splendidly appointed nor luxuriously spread. The American who has read Harriet Martineau and the Howitts (William and Mary) will no doubt imagine that the English farmer fares of the best-old yeamanry style-grand joints of reast beef, venison pasties, plum puddings and the like. All fancifulauthors' fancies. Never was their description of life more unlike its reality; or if it ever was real I can emphatically affirm it is not so now. The farmer's fare may be plenteons, but it is aught but nice, and barely palatable. Plain roasting and boiling are all of the culinary art known to his wife and her one-there is usually only one-female domestic. Among the country people of England there is absolutely nothing that deserves to be called a cuisine. The Scotch and Irish have their dishes, 'some of them appetizing and excellent; but with the English it is roast or boiled, chop, steak and rasher of bacon-nothing besides.

As already said, the farmer ordinarily keeps only

one female servant, a rough country girl, little trained, and having slight knowledge of household duties in the "genteel" way. Where there is a large tamily of children there may be a second, half house, half nurse-maid. Of men-servants, who eat and sleep on the premises, there are none save sometimes a lout of a boy, who has his bed in the tollet," or some such roost over barn, stable or granary. All man service about the place is performed by the farm laborers, who being on board wages, have no residential footing in the establish ment. They come to it at 6 a, m, and go away at 6 p. m.; these being their hours in most districts. And as the greater part of the work is done by horses, the men laborers are few; three or four with a wagener boy, being thought sufficient for a farm of 200 acres, even with half a dozen milch ows and a flock of sheep on it. In England men do the milking, and though the dairy or butter maid may still exist, the poetical milkmard pretty er plain, is obsolete.

Among English farmers there is no social distinct tion, save that brought about by wealth; and I may add, little sociability between their families. It is rarely that they put on "best bib and tucker" to visit one another in a friendly way; this occurring only among the near of kin, even then with remarkable unfrequency. Hospitality to these who are not relations, if extended at all, seems to lack that hearty cheerfulness one might expect after reading Harriet Martineau and the Howitts. Nor does the English farmer greatly indulge in amusements of any kind; his wife still less. They have three or four outings" perhaps in the year, to attend the district races, or tea meetings and feter connected with the parish school, where they may witness the usual round of rural sports. Once a year, too, the circus spreads its canvas somewhere conveniently near, and nothing like they better than this-especially the children.

Frequently the farmer is a sportsman, takes out a game license, and shoots. Some hunt also, notably the younger ones, many of whom may be seen at every meet of hounds, in top-boots and breeches. riding excellent horses, their "hunting mags" as they call them. Combined with the sport there is another motive underlying-disposal of the aforewith their performance in the field. But though the "hunting farmer" may occasionally profit in this way, it often ends in his contracting idle, even dissipated, habits, and at length coming to grief.

The English farmer seems to find his chief relaxation in attendance at market, which he does once a week, or exceptionally once a fortnight. Every district has its market town, with a weekly market, the alternate ones being "slock markets," where pirs, sheep, cattle and even horses are bought and sold. An auctioneer is generally employed to dispose of them, this being deemed the readiest way. When the sale is over most of the farmers adjourn to the inn or inns, where a table d'hote dinner is ready for them-the "ordinary"-usually at eighteen pence per head drink of course extra. The time was when at these "ordinaries" champague flowed freely. It would be rare now to hear the popping of a silver-coated cork.

Politically, the English farmer is, as a rule, Conervative, often of the rank Tory type, his colitics of course taking their hue from those of his land-lord. If the latter be a Liberal, it will almost certainly be of the Whig specialty. Then the tenant may think as he likes, so long as on election day he casts in his vote according to command. And so has he been casting it for more than two centuries. ever since the death of Oliver Cromwell, not only to his own detriment but that of his fellow citizens in short, to the obstruction of every measure for freedom and reform. Just now his eyes are being opened, and good may come of it; but their opening s not from any innate sense of right or wrong; in stead is due to his own present adversity; and ittle creditable to him.

Rich or poor, the English farmer has no position what is termed "society "-least of all in th a alled "county society." Were I to meet a farmer at garden party, county ball, archery gathering or other fashionable assemblage, I should wonder at seeing him there. He never is—never being invited —and yet is he the man of all England's people who has worked and voted for that which keeps up this ocial exclusiveness-the man who does most, as it were, to forge his own fetters. I am sorry to say such unamiable things about him, but the truth must needs be told.

# SARAH STOUTS STORY.

From a Paper on "The State Trials," in The Cornhill.

A most pathetic romance, which may remind us of more famous fictions, undernes the great murder cas; in which Cowper, the poet's grandfather, was defendant. Sarah stout, the daughter of a Quaker at Hertford, fell desperately in love with Cowper, who was a barrister, and sometimes lodged at her father's house when on circuit. She wrote passionate letters to him of the Eloise to Abelard kind, which Cowper was ultimately forced to produce in evidence. He therefore had a final interview with her, explained to her the folly of her passion, there being already a Mrs. Cowper, and left her late in the evening to go to his lodgings elsewhere. Poor Sarah Stout rushed out in despair and threw herself into the Priory River. There she was found dead next morning, when the miller came to pull up his sluices. All the gossips of Hertford came immediately to look at the body and make moral or judicial reflections upon the facts. Wiseacres suggested that Cowper was the last man scen in her company, and it came out that two or three other men attending the assizes had gossiped about her on the previous evening and one of them had, strange to relate, left a cord close by his trunk. These facts, transfigured by the Hertford imagination, became the nucleus of a theory, set forth in delicious legal verbosity, that the said Cowper, John Masson, and others "a certain rope of no vaine about the neck of the said Sarah, then and there felonously, voluntarily, and of malice aforethought did put, place, fix and bind; and the neck and throat of the said Sarah, then and there with the hands of you, the said Cowper, Masson, Stephens and Rogers, feloniously, voluntarily and of your From a Paper on "The State Trials," in The Cornhill.

A most pathetic romance, which may remind the

little, Sarah Stout was choked and strangled; and being choked and strangled instantly died, and was then secretly and maliciously put and cast into the river. The evidence, it is plaid, required a little straining, but then Cowper belonged to the great Whig family of the town, and Sarah Stout was a Quaker. Tories thought it would be well to get a Cowper hanged, and Quakers wished to escape the imputation that one of their seet had committed snicide. The trial lasted so long that the poor judge became faunt and confessed that he could not sum up properly. The whole strength of the case, however, such as it was, depended upon an insemious theory set up by the prosecution, to the effect that the bodies of the drowned always sink, whereas Miss Stout was found floating, and must therefore have been dead before she was put in the river. The chief witness was a sailor, who swore that this doctrine as to sinking and swimming was nniversal in the Navy. He had seen the shipwreck of the Gromation in 1691. "We saw the ship sink down," he says, "and they swam up and down like a shoal of fish one over another, and. I see them hover one upon another, and see them drop away by scores at a time"; some nine escaped, "but there were no more saved out of the ship's complement, which was between 500 and 600, and the rest. I saw sinking downright, twenty at a time." He has a clinching argument, though a less graphic instance, to prove that men already dead do not sink. "Otherwise, why should Government be at that vast charge to allow threescore of fourscore weight of iron to sink every man, but only that their swimming about should not be a discouragement to others." Cowper's scientific witnesses, some of the medical bigwigs of the day, had very little trouble in confuting this evidence: but the letters which he at last produced, and the evidence that poor Miss Stout had been talking of suicide, should have made the whole story clear even to the bemaddled judges.

The novelist would throw into the background this crowd of gossiong

bemuddled judges.

The novelist would throw into the background The novelist would throw into the background this crowd of gossiping and malicious quidiumes of Hertford; but we must be content to catch glimpses of her previous history from these absurdly irrelevant twaddlings, as in actual life we catch sight of trageoies below the surface of social small-talk. Sarah Stont was clearly a Maggie Tulliver, a potential heroine, unable to be happy amidst the broad-brimmed, drab-coated respectabilities of quiet little Hertford. Her rebellion was rasher than Maggie's, but perhaps in a more characteristic fashion. The case suggests the wish that Stephen Guest night have been hanged on some such suspicion as was nearly fatal to Cowper.

## THE OLD LETTER.

Crouching over the fire with wan check and whitened hair, And sad sunk eyes, on the embers fixed with a dull unseeing stare; Crouching over the fire, the woman, worn and old, With the flickering flame on the letter that trembles in her hold.

Outside, the sleet heats fast and thick on the unc irtained patie.

The wind sobs round the lonely house, as it sweep the snow-clad plant; Inside, the cheats of joy, and hope, and fearless household mirth Flit and whisper round the woman who sits beside the bearth.

Y t the magic spell of the letter has sent her fancie Flying tast past all the graves that mark the past's long track.
Flying past change and sorrow, flying past wrong and ruth,
Till the heart heats fast, and the pulses thrill, to
the passionate glow of youth.

Ab, duller still ber life will show, harder the taskwork seem. For that weak hear by farey snatched for memory's golden dream! Put by the letter, let it share thy slow and sure Patient and meek take up again the burden of the

## STORIES ABOUT THE QUEEN.

From London Society.

Some interesting stories are told of the early days, when the Queen was obliged to sign deathwarrants, before she was relieved from that odious daty, and a sign-manual substitutes by Act of Parliament. On several occasions the Queen may be said to have begged oil the life of offenders. And on one occasion, with a hand trembling from eagerness and emotion, she wrote "pardoned" across the on one occasion, with a hand trembling from eagerness and emotion, she wrote "pardoned" across the fatal scroll. A great degree of reticence is very properly imposed on all connected with the Court. Her Majesty, on grinciple, has always steadily discouraged mything in the way of gossip or trivial conversation respecting the adains of the household. So many persons are brought into passing, and somewhat intimate, connection with royalty, that it is obvious that the sanctity of the rie intime of the Court could not be obtained unless such a that it is obvious that the sanctity of the vie infine of the Court could not be obtained unless such a rule were carefully observed. We remember knew-ing a lady, who was credited with being a private correspondent of her Majesty's for years, from her youth; but the most distant allusion to this inter-esting circumstance never escaped her. Others, though not quite so reficent, are always guarded and careful.

A draft of a treaty of smity and commerce was sent out from England to Mada A draft of a treaty of amily and commerce was sent out from England to Madagascar, and on the margin these words were written; "Queen Victoria asks, as a personal favor to herself, that the Queen of Madagascar will allow no persecution of the Christians." A month alterward the treaty was signed in Madagascar with the insertion of the following words: "In accordance with the wish of Queen Victoria, the Queen of Madagascar engages there shall be no persecution of the Christians in Madagascar."

A pleasant little story went the round of Cam-

A pleasant little story went the round of Cam-ridge University illustrative of wonderful old A pleasant little story went the round of calcibridge University illustrative of wonde-ful old Whewell, who raised himself from he position of a sizar to be the Master, and subsequently the benefactor, of his college. When the Queen was his great at Trinity Ledge, or rather took possession of it in her own right, the morning after her arrival Whewell sainted her with friendly but uncountly warm.h. "Good-morning, your Majesty. How d'ye do? Hope your Majesty slept well. Fine morning." The Queen returned a gracious answer—it would not be in her Majesty's nature to do otherwise—but the lords and ladies in attendance were awe-stricken at the trightful breach of etiquette that had commenced, but of which, prebably, no one thought less than did the Queen herself, A similar breach of etiquette is related by Lord Campbell of Lord Browcham. Brougham had quarrelled with all the world, and among the rest he was wrathful toward the blameless Prince.

The Prince thought to appease him by asking him to dine with the Queen. He went and dined; but widened his breach with the Court by leaving the paince immediately after dinner, instead of going with the rest of the cealigneen into the gallery, into

to dine with the Queen. He went and since, one widehed his breach with the Court by leaving the palace immediately after dinner, instead of going with the rest of the gentlemen into the gallery, into which the Queen had retired with the ladies, and where she is in the habit of conversing with her guests. He afterward tried to make amends by attending the Queen's drawing-room—a condescension he had not before practised since her accession; but here again he was unfortunate although I really believe he wished to be civil and respectful by speaking to the Queen or mero mola as he passed her, and telling her that "he was to cross over to l'arts in a tew days, where he sl'ould see Louis Philippe, and that if her Majesty had any letters or messages for the King of the French, it would give him match pleasure to have the honor of being the bearer of them." Lord Broughato was certainly honored by no commission from the Queen on that occasion. on that occasion.

# ALBONI AND ROSSINI.

Although the possessor of the finest contraito voice heard in this century, with a wonderful style of singing, and having achieved the greatest success immediately after her first anjearance in public, Albomi went to Rossint and asked him, "Maintenant maitre, montrez noi, comment if faut chanter!" And he did show her; and she is sertainly the only living singer, in full possession of her voice, although very nearly sixty, who can really sing Reesan's masic. Who would believe that, when she sang the "Quis est home" with Mademoiselle Patti at Rossim's funeral, after lawing crushed everybody round her with the incomparable superiority of her voice and method, she came down into the church fand asked: "Has my voice been heard?"

To ascribe this merely to her modesty would be a mistake. Without being conceited she felt and knew her value perfectly well, but first of all, she was deeply moved by the ceremony, having been succerely attached to her old friend Rossim, and then she sometimes suffered from nervousness, which suddenly seized her, and which she had great difficulty in controlling. At one of Rossim's Saturdays, the moment she went into the salon to sing a solo he had written for her, entitled "Cantata," she was so frightened that she said to him, "Mattre, j'as trop peur," whereupon he took her by the hand, saying, "Eh bien, nous aurons neur ensemble," led her out, sat down at the piano, and accompanied, with his thick old fingers! He produced a violin legato on the piano.

# THE TACTFUL DISRAELL.

Pron Tinsley's Magazine.

A thoroughly well-authenticated anecdote, illustrating his excessive tact, was told of Disraeli, soon after he was created Earl of Beaconsfield. It appears that not long after his transplantation from the House of Commons to the House of Lords, Disraeli met a brother peer in the street, who asked him how he liked the change. "Like it!" exclaimed Disraeli, forgetting himself for the moment, and blundering cut with the truth; "Like it! I feel as if I were dead or buried alive!"

Then seeing the expression of discomfiture on the peer's face, he added hastily, with a courtly bow and an irresistible smile, "and in the land of the blessed!"

"Where's your mail ?" asked a mail rider, as he stopped at a small post office on his route in the Coun-ty of Polk, Ga. "Oh, never mind," said the postmaster, as he pulled at his pips, 'there ain't but four or five letters, and we won't trouble about them to day."—[Rome

## HOME INTERESTS.

PRICES IN THE MARKETS. FISH-PRICES OF MEATS STILL HIGH-BUTTER

CHEAPER-VEGETABLES FROM CALIFORNIA. Owing to the cold weather there has been a m rked decrease in the catch of shad in the Hudson River, and as far south as North Carolina. A large consignment of California salmon arrived from the Sacramento River and sold at 50 cents a pound. A few salmon which came from Nova Scotia sold at \$2 a pound. The second load of mackerel, which arrived last week, contained only fish of medium size. There is a considerable quantity of so-called whitebait offered in market. These are not the true whitebart, which is the small fry of the herring but the spearing, a species of anchovy. The white bait is covered with small silvery scales, while the spearing has a bright silver band along its lateral line and the rest of the fish is semi-transparent. Market cod is 8 cents a pound, live cod 10 cents, haddock 6 cents, halibut 20 cents, striped bass 15 to 20 cents, eels 18 cents, fresh, marker 190 to 20 certs, eels 18 cents, fresh mackerel 20 cents, Spanish mackerel 60 cents, and pompano 75 cents. Flounders are 10 cents, tom-cods 6 cents, kingdish, the first of the season, 18 cents, white perch 10 to 15 cents, small smelts 10 cents, and large green smelts 25 cents. Herrings are 6 cents and red the first of the season, 18 cents, white perch 10 to 15 cents, small smelts 10 cents, and large green smelts 25 cents. Herrings are 6 cents, and red snappers 18 cents. Southern shad are 10 cents for male fish and 15 cents for roe fish. North River shad are 12½ cents for male fish and 20 cents for roe fish. Lamprey cels are 15 cents. They are chief'y in demand by Fortuguese and Italians, and have tallen from the high esteem in which they were held when they caused the death of a King of England. Lampreys were a favorite dish in Old England. Lampreys were a favorite dish in Old England. King John of murderous memory was another monarch who was very fond of then, and he issued several decrees concerning them, among others a mandate ordering that not more than two shillings each should be charged for lampreys when they first appeared in market. Brook troot are \$1 down to 30 cents. The most expensive are Long Island cultivated fish, the cheaper ones are "Canada frozen." Southern black bass are 18 cents, yellow perch 10 cents, small green pickerel 18 cents, wall-eyed pike 15 cents, and buffalo fish from the muddy waters of the Mississippi 10 cents. Green turtle are 20 cents a round. Large hard clams are \$1.25 a hundred opened. Little Neck clams 75 cents; prawns are \$1.50 a gallon, scallops \$2. Oysters of medium size ate \$1.50 a hundred; hard crabs \$1; shad roe 25 cents a pair, and codish tongues 15 cents a pound.

All hatcher's meats are still high, and poultry has

MENU.

Bean Soup.

Baked Codinh. Mached Pointons.

Clain Friters.

Fillet of Beef with Mushrooms. Green Peas. Potatos Duchesse.

Canvashack Duck. Currant Jelly.

Lettuce Salad. Plain Dressing.

Roquefort Cheese. Hard Water-crackers.

Lemon Cream. Coconnut Cake.

Fruits Bon-bons.

Coffee.

A WITT I EVIL.—Any cold react beef cut in slices; one tespeonful of red currant jelly, one small speon of made mustared, one tablespoonful of carrage, one desert-spoon of Worcestershire sance, one small speon of Harvey, one glass of claret, to be all mixed together and sent to table red-hot.

speon of Harvey, one glass of claret, to be all mixed toget, er and sent to table rod-hot.

Baked Cop.—When purchasing a four-pound cod ask your fish-dealer to send you three or four "codists heads," and, as soon as the basket comes into the house, rub a little salt on the fish, chop the heads into six pieces each, and apriable a little salt over them. Place them in the centre of the bekingpan to be used as supports for the fish, with two emess of butter, one small curror, a turrip, a potato, and an onion cut into slees, two blades of mace, white paper, one tablespoonful of celery-seed, six cloves, and a cupinl of red wine. Set the pan in the oven while you prepare the cod. Smill the rod with bread-stuffing, and sew it up securely: place it in the pan, with two or three pieces of butter on the upper side of the fish, and basic it frequently; when it is coaked lay the lish on a hot platter, and garnish with fired ovsiers, if convenient. To the pan add two tablespoonfuls of flour, a wineglass of sherry: mix well, and strain the gravy mix a sauce-local. This makes a delicious sauce for a delicious fish. If its season were shorter and the price dearer, good taste would acknowledge it everywhere.

Inish Stew.—This is the stew that is mostly made

knowledge it everywhere.

IRISH STEW.—This is the stew that is mostly made in treland. Fut some slices of cold boiled corned beef thever fresh) into a stewpan with a good deal of water, or thin stock, two large onions sliced, and some cold boiled potatoes (whole) and a little pepper. Stew gently until the potatoes are quite soft and have taken up nearly all the gravy; some will break, but they should be as whole as possible. Turn all out on a flat dish and serve.

To Foot a Ham. Slower it is extent a which

To Cook a Ham.—Simmer it in water to which a arge cupful of course brown sugar and a pint of herry have been added. It is incomparably su-erior in taste to one that has been boiled in the

ordinary way.

Ham Toast,—To one slice of cold ham, cut into very small pieces, put one egg, a little thin cream, a little pepper and salt. Mix the whole together on the stove until it becomes thick. Have a nice piece of toast buttered and cut in slices. Pour the ingredients over it and send to breakfast table.

dients over it and send to breakfast table.

CLARET JELLY.—One bottle of claret, the juice and rind of one lemon, one small pot of red currant jelly, half a pound of loaf sugar, an onneo of banglass (rather more in hot weather), a wine-glass full of brandy; boiltogether for a few minutes, taking care that the currant jelly is perfectly dissolved and thoroughly mixed with the other insortions. Ten winntes will generally effect this solved and thoroughly mixed with the other in-gredients. Ten minutes will generally effect this, but a good deal depends on the general temperature; strain into a mould and let it grow cold. Serve with cream sance as follows: half a pint of cream sweetened with vanilla pods (not bottled essences) whisked to a stiff froth; pour round the jelly; not over it. Half these quantities will fill a mould large enough for six persons. FRITTER BATTER .- One part of flour, half a pint

one telespoonful of salad oil or butter, one telespoonful of salad oil or butter, one telespoonful of salat to them. Pour half of this mixture on the flour, and when beaten light and smooth, add the remainder and the oil. Fry in CLAM FRITTERS.—Drain and chop a pint of clams, and season with salt and pepper. Make a fritter

and season with salt and pepper. Make a fritter batter as directed, using, however, a heaping pint of flour, as the liquor in the clams thus the batter. Sur the clams into this and fry in boiling fat. The Brunswick preparation of clams is excellent.

COCOANUT CAKE.—One and a half cups of sugar, half a cup each of butter and milk, one cup of cocoanut grated fine, two cups of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in pans, with dry cocoanut sprinkled over the top.

ANCHOVY SAUCE.—Heat a dinner place on it; take the yolk of a fresh egg, beat it with a fork into the butter; add a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, cay-enne pepper and sait to taste. Have ready some

freshly-browned squares of toast, dip them into the mixture, covering both sides, and serve at once.

ORANGE SPONGE.—Dissolve one ounce of isinglass in one pint of water; strain it through a sieve, and let it stand till cold, then mix with it the juice of six oranges and one lemon; sweeten to taste and beat the mixture with a whisk until it becomes white and looks like sponge; put into a mould and turn out when required, ornamenting it with slices of cut orange. of cut orange.

cf cut orange.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Beil a young tender chicken and when cold separate the meat from the bones; cut it into little square blocks or dice; do not mince it. Cut white tender stalks of celery into about three-quarter inch lengths, saving the outside green stalks for soup; mix the chicken and celery together; and then stir well into them a mixture in the proportion of three tablespoonfuls of vinegar to one tablespoonful of oil, with pepper, salt and a little mustard to taste. Put this asade for an hour or two, or until just before serving; this is called marinating the chicken; it will absorb the vinegar. When about to serve, mix the celery and chicken with a Mayonnaise sance, leaving a portion of the sance to mask the top. Reserve several fresh ends or leaves of celery with which to garnish the dish. Stick a little bonquet of these tops, in the centre of or leaves of celery with which to garnish the dish. Stick a little bonquet of these tops in the centre of the salad, then a row around it. From the centre of the salad, then a row around it. From the centre to each of the four sides sprinkle rows of expers. Sometimes slices or little cut diamonds of hard beilet eggs are used for garnishing. Chicken salad is often made with lettuce instead of celery. Marinate the chicken alone; add it to the small tender leaves inneat) of the leituce the last moment before serving; then poor Mayonnaise dressing over the top. Garnish with little centre heads of lettuce, capers, cold chopped redbects, if you choose, or sliced hard-boiled eggs. Sometimes little strips of anchovy are added for a garnish. When on the table it should all be mixed together. Many may profit by this recipe for chicken salad; for it is astonishing how few understand making se common a dish. It is generally minced and mixed with hard-boiled eggs for a dressing. This is given in response to request of T. S. S., and is from the same source as the above. Pressing. This is given in response to request of T. S. S., and is from the same source as the above.

### THE ROSE-GROWING CRAZE Peter Henderson in The Gardener's Monthly

another pomanes who was sold from them, among the colores a mander evolution from the model of earlier for lampers when should be clarified for lampers when should not colored. The most expensive are long formed and the colored is cents. The most expensive are long formed in cents, and buildo for them the another was considered in cents, and buildo for them the another was considered in cents, and buildo for them the another years and cents, and buildo for them the another years are cents, and buildo for them the another years are cents as an increase and cents a pound, and colored in cents a pound, and colored cents a pound, and cents a pound, and cents a pound, and cents a pound of the cents a pound of the cents a pound, and cents a pound of the cents a pound, and cents a pound of the cents a pound of the cents a pound of the cents and the ce

The Americans in Europe may be notality at the into three classes. First come the cultivated and asthetic lew, or the type that the late Mr. Longiciliow gloritied in his "Hyperon," and that Mr. James loves to elaborate in a series of novels which would seem more artistic were they less monotonous. Then follows the far more considerable body who are resimed in manners rather than in intellect; and who, sattling chienty in France, although sometimes in Italy, elameleon-like, take the colors of the people they five among. Finally, we have the grand rush of the tribes of the Philistines or tourists proper, who might of course be subdivided almost indefinitely, but who nevertheless have their most characteristic features in common. The colitivated American, when he does not carry astheticism to excess and initiate the morbid eccurtricities of the femnine minded English philanderer, is one of the most acreeable and entertaining of travelling companions. It is a godsand when the solitary English tourist stumbles upon him in one of those out-of-the-way towns which are the relies of the indide ages and the favorite resorts of Mr. James's helomes. He is a man of the world, yet something of a dreamer, with a great deal of the student. He seems to sheep his soul at the shortest notice in the characteristic sprin of the place; yet he regards objects and their associations from the original standpoint of one who has been bired in a new country and braced by habitual contact with the practical. He is well, if somewhat superficially, read, and he has dreamed and speculated with thoughtful interest on the arts which he has mastered theoretically, it not mechanically. And with the practical. He is well, if somewhat superficially, read, and he has dreamed and speculated with thoughtful interest on the arts which he has mastered theoretically, it not mechanically. And with the organical state of the remains a superficially read, and he has dreamed and speculated with thoughtful interest on the subject is a hearty determined by the

### STRAY ANECDOTES OF CARLYLE. From Tinsley's Magazine.

He was most punctilious and courteous as host and guest, always falling in with the ways of his friends. Once, when on a visit to an old friend in Scotland, he was asked to conduct family prayers, and consented; but instead of prefacing the devotional exercises by a short chapter, he read through the whole book of Job without stopping, to the

amazement—to use no stronger word—of the company assembled. Of Carlyle's kindliness and generosity there can be no feoubt. He was a sure resource for needy friends, especially in earlies times; and the story runs that the period after the publication of "Sartor Resartus." when Carlyle was a brilliant member of a brilliant literary circle—Stnart Mill, John Sterling, Maurice, the Hares, Leigh Hunt and others—he had one friend in particular whose applications for pecuniary help were frequent, and whose repayments were visionary. The demands became incessant, and were painful to Carlyte's sense of, dignity, for his friend's sake. At last he devised a scheme which saved the position. One special ornament on the drawing-room manular processing of the consecutated to this imperunious friend, who always found in it a sovereign and sometimes two.

two.

He was disappointing at times, one would.

He was disappointing at times, one would. He was disappointing at times, one would imagine; notably to two American enthusias, who tell the tale with unction to this day. The two hero-worshippers started for Cheynerow, and pushing open the gate of the favored house marched to the door and knocked. Who should open the door but the hero himself, looking very storny. "O Mr. Carlyle," burst out one of the ladies, "we have come all the way from America to see you!" "Did you, ma'am?" Carlyle said. "Well, then, all I can say is that I'm sorry for you? And with that he shut the door in their faces, and left his crestfallen admirers to return to their native country, armed with a characteristic story.

### QUEER NAMES.

Prom The London-Globe.

Perhaps the strangest feature in the whole history of christenings is the fact that parents in humble life should have been so often at a loss to larent a name for their olive branches. Yet long experience has proved that one of the favorite methods of choosing a name is that or opening the Bible at hazard, and taking the one which first catches the eye. This practice is supposed to account for the prevalence of Joshuas, Samuels and Ameses, in country villages, as compared with much more euphonious Biblical names which, however, do not appear at the head of the page. The device has also led to some curious mistakes, such as that of the man who, having called his four first sons by the name of the four Evangelists, presented the fifth to the parson with a request to name him "Acts."

The idea of referring to loads for a history in the case of the first such as the country.

The idea of referring to books for a hint of this The idea of referring to books for a hint of this sort has originated some still more quaint attempts based on an orthodox though ignorant desire to perpetuate the name of the ancestor. It is thus that honest country folk, observing "E Libris H. Smith," inscribed in a book of their greatgrand-father's, have taken the young hopeful up to the four with the intention of having him bapting "Libris" or "Elibris," and altogether refused to be convinced that the original owner of the book was not so christened.

## LADY HARBERTON'S REFORM DRESS.

From The London Standard, be done toward abolishing the mani-What may be done toward abolishing the manifold small inconveniences, as well as the graver, because more injurious, defects in female garb, we have just been shown, partially at least, by the "National Health Society's Exhibition of Hygienic Wearing Apparel," held last week in the Cavendish Rooms, No. 51 Mortimer'st. It attracted throngs of feminine visitors, whose attention had probably in most cases been directed to it by Mr. Trove's lecture at Kensington, of which the Exhibition is intended to be a practical illustration. The great object of observation and comment was the "divided skirt," of which there were many specimens in various colors and materials. The "Rational Dress Society" issues the following description of the skirt it advocates:

"The divided skirt is a skirt divided between the least so as to clothe each leg separately, the under clothing to be arranged between this as most convenient. It should come to about the instep, quite clearing the ground, and be made about a yard round at the ankle. An ordinary street dress is worn over this, which may be as much or as little triumed as the weater may fancy, although to secure lightness the less the better.

"The divided skirt may appear under the top skirt about two or three inches without exciting the least notice." The divided skirt and the under garments may

least notice.

"The divided skirt and the under garments may be fastened to a broad band litted round the hips, so avoiding pressure of any sort round the waist; or, if preferred, hooks or buttons can be placed on a

so avoiding pressure of any sort round the wast; or, if preferred, hooks or buttons can be placed on a calleo bodies to be attached to corresponding loops on the skirts. The top part of the dress may be any loose body or jacket the wearer may choose, always avoiding bands, ligatures or pressure of any sort from below the fixed ribs to the top of the hips.

"In this costume the weight of clothing may be reduced at least one-half, because as the divided skirts cover the body fully and evenly, fewer layers of clothing are required, and less material in their construction. We have here a style of dress by which no internal organ can be injured, no muscla cramped, no movement of the body impeded, and to which the wearer may add as much grace and beauty as her own good taste may direct."

Two complete costraines, designed by this Society, which took the silver medal at a Brighton Exhibition, were on view. Both are made with the divided skirt, one with a loosely fronted body, surmounted by an open zonave jacket; the other has a long "Princesse Polomise" with a waistband. A lady clad in one of the divided skirts was met patiently and courteously exhibiting it to surrounding visitors. Among its advantages, she mentioned that she had worn it for some months past as a

patiently and courteously exhibiting it to surrounding visitors. Among its advantages, she mentioned that she had worn it for some months past as a walking dress, without attracting remark of any sort. She found the dress very handy in dirty weather, as the skirt followed the movement of each forward foot independently, and was not inble to be stretched and soiled, like an ordinary skirt, against the muddy heel of the wearer's other boot. It can be so looped up as to form a short dress for walking, while for indoor use it may hang at full length. Most women who are in the habit of walking for any considerable length of time todress for walking, while for indoor use it may hang at full length. Most women who are in the habit of walking for any considerable length of time together, or who have gone over rough ground in rough weather, must, when toiling against the fores of the wind and the weight of cumbersome peticoats, their steps often impeded by a narrow clinging skirt, have envied the case and rapidity with which a husband or brother, or even a little sister, still young enough to be allowed the free action of her imbs, moved over the same roud enjoying the walk, which was spoilt for the full-grown woman by the fatigue, irritation and discomforts of her dress, and the consciousness of the clumay figure presented by flapping petticoats fringed with mud. Ferhaps the vision of approaching stiles that must be clambered over in fettered, awkward fashion did not lessen her amonyance. If the "divided shirt" does not remedy all these inconveniences, it is at least one step toward modifying them. It often far less resistance to wind, and gives greater freedom to the step. Its warmth is greater than that of an ordinary dress, and not even a fall can disarrange its position, so that petiticoats are no more required, though anything heeded for increased warmth can be worn beneath it without involving asseless weight.

\*\*NEWFORTS WONDERFUL FLOWERS.\*\*

# NEWFORTS WONDERFUL FLOWERS.

From The Boston Herald.

Prem The Boston Herald.

Where else do roses grow so near the sea that the salt spray falls upon them, and grow so wondrously as in the Baneroft rose garden? If "love beggts love," it is not at all strange that the great historian calls his own the linest rose garden in the land. He will point out and call oy name for you a hundred varieties growing in one bed. An interesting fact is that, beside this tamous garden and almost through it, with no fence guarding it, mas public path, open to all the world; yet never flower has been molested, never a bit of the fraik, which grows there also, has been touched. You may surprise Mr. Bancroit himself among his treasures atmost any bour on a June day; but he keeps no guard, and trusts us all muplicitly, and, if he sees a wistful look come into your eyes as they wander over his roses, he is very likely to gather an armful, and bring them to the path and give them to you, stranger though you are.

To two things Newport owes its floral beauties—to the humidity of the atmosphere and to the care of its florists and gardeners. The Eastern workman lavishes no more time and skill on the textile fabris, which grows under his hands, than did the gardener here, last year, who faithfully copied an Oriental carpet and spread it upon a Newport lawn. It says a marvel—this great fleral "prayer ring," with its artistic, subdued, yet rich coloring of the East. It haves harmonized to a perfection that was aimest incredible, when one tellected that it was made up of thousands of growing plants; and all summer long it was carefully kept in this state of perfection. Looking down from the height of an upper window, the deception was complete, so closely did it imitate a Turkish carpet.

Last summer on another lawn—belonging to a Bostonian—there grew a quotation from Snakespeare, every letter as perfectly outlined as the best draughtsman might do it with pencil or brush. The rarest of plants were employed, and the effect was exceedingly beautiful. Neither of these lawn decerations, though with

slender chain of golden blossoms lay upon the grass, fastened with a class of amethyst. From this chain depended pendants, each representing some precious stone set round with other stones, or in a filingree of yellow leaves. It was cepied from a vertable necklace in a famous collection of jewels, all the plants used in this feature of landscape garling are low-growing, so that the surface is comparant smooth, and but little raised above the closely cut grass. The words "Ocean Honse" have in this manner lain upon the terrace before the hotel of that name at Newport for two summers. Soon at Newport we shall see a sight the like of which I doubt ever has been seen in our country—an acre or more of rare Holiand tulips in blossom; such a wealth of blazing, glowing color as one must look upon to appreciate and realize. Nearly 400,000 buths, imported from Haarlem, have been set on close together on this piece of land, lying in the middle of the tract recently purchased by the Boston syndicate. This is an experiment. It successful, and the bulbs can be raised in Newport, it will no longer be necessary to bring them from Holland, which country now supplies the world.